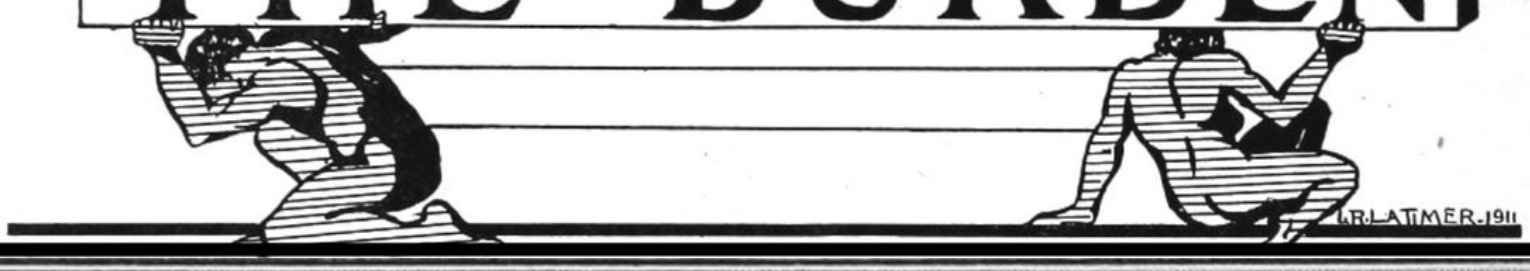
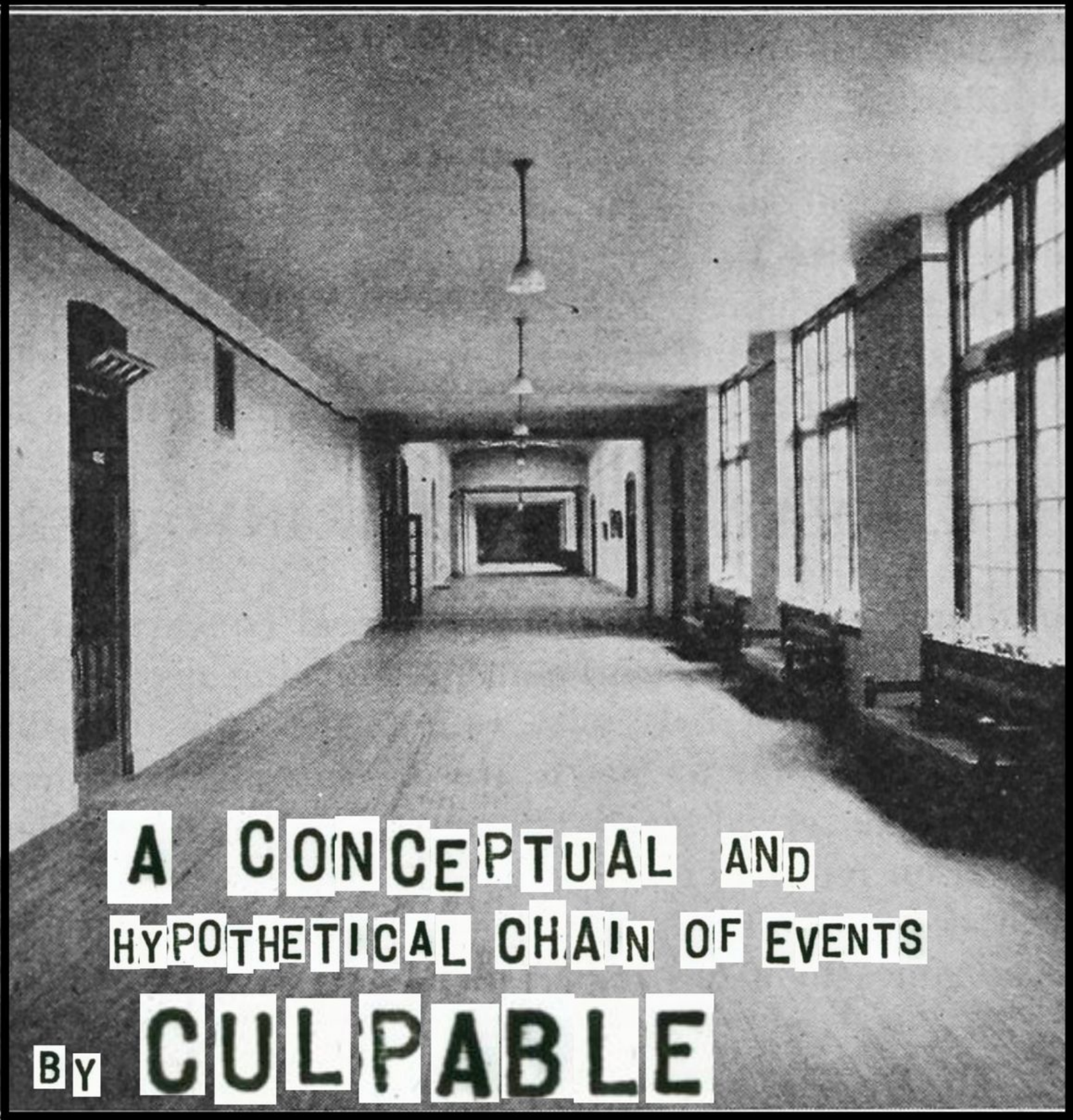
THE BURDEN





A CONCEPTUAL AND HYPOTHETICAL CHAIN OF EVENTS

By CULPABLE

nostrum

Aaron needs to fully STOP psychiatric abuse, arrange him free without guards, dead sky will cover evil EVIL seeing as psychiatry has its hands deeply and ALREADY dirty, advising the grey mass within the water & literal darkness then feeds all satanic images, spiel all OT figures bringing + fruit. Holy ideas back into the beginning of the cycle. New gnostic paradigm in its backwards journey with TIME has no good meanings. Only power & worship, no miscibility to 100% amethystic enforcings, bliss, & simply blocking all decency whatever not to snap at him when necessary does harm NO woman propped firmly by ego, Taraneh is Gabriel purest di vi Nity (one of male hierarchy).

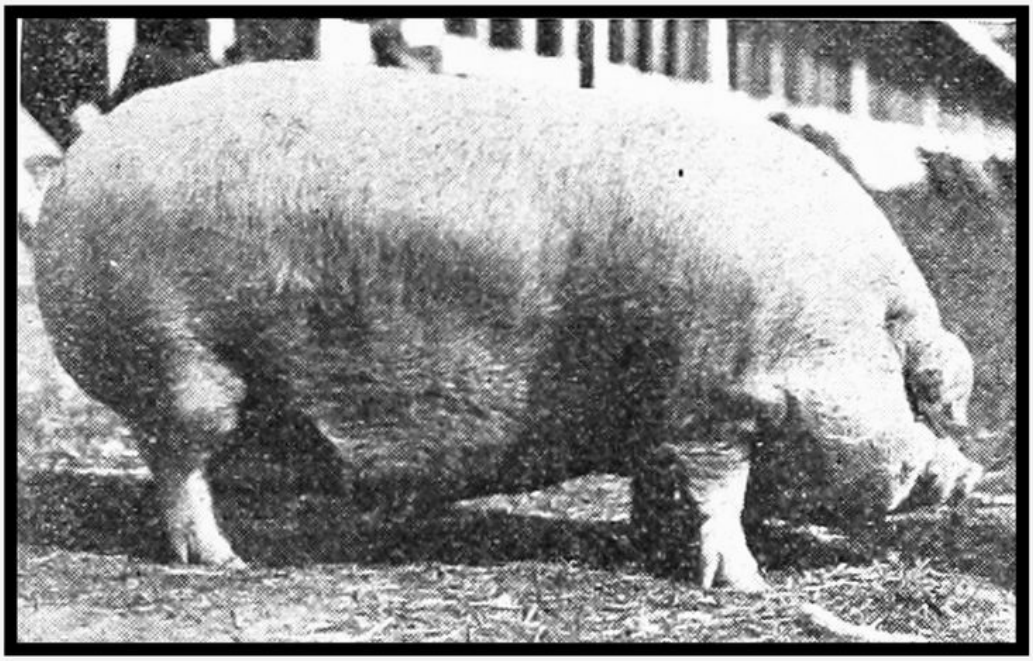
One of THE second hierarchy should protect me. Sexual liability has advanced to walking women and sex could dance all over the ether; it acted being tutto grosso, fast BUT ecstatic, and was prone to violence.

Actions of bloody fists ready when innavertable awakened in animosity slapping nervous in the almadina. Picked on interest, he stunned battered neighbors, women going ballistic mimicked watching a gun clip where violent savages awaken sexuality pleasure explosion pouring spent high drop fash juice dribble out his head but years strike every cup breaking any shit that ran over anything nonacademic. Patience sounds its beautiful note one thousand two thousand three thousand times and so on pouring out furious symphony falling unto my hand glass shattering music orgasm through multiplicity.

It hails a desperate musical storm. Musical fools are continuous, such incredible tuning with higher frequencies whirling about in magnetic cacophony.

COLLAPSE BLACK WALLS

I feel the walls, my memories distortion
To disguise the pact that kills myself
Everything created is non-derivative
And I am sudden to say life is futile
To say to live in my cell
To say to build upon the stars
To say I'm twisted process
I will disappear In collided static
I will carve in the art
I will start searching my room here
I miss you greatly, I'm sorry I'm not good enough
To live in my cell
To say to build upon the stars
To say I'm twisted process
To take your hand
I've wasted so much time
To assist my friend



inhibiting a body that is not your own

doubt

Wet soil slabbed upon rocks of despair- cliffs. Something grows at the climax of such a thing. A spit-shine spiral fruit dripping into the mouths of all that witness. Donations of drool and unflinching eyes sear into the droning once again, only just to taste bleeding flesh of the mind- theremins floating in the ears as the mind becomes flooded with cruel hatred.

Aaron needs to stop psychiatric abuse, but the feeling of one million doses over the legal amount fractures the beehive, honey drips onto the ground and withers the grass below. This gesture shows the grass is alive and well, smiling from the sweetness of the bile of the weak.

> *staring at the ground peEking at the oh so brittle dirt cursed with ashes cracking exploding reveals the inner workings of the earth-hollow shells revealing SA(TARANEH)AN himself*

but everyone fears for that person, in some way. Honestly. Everyone means well.

Beehives.

D A R V E K I R I N

Take off the cloak

Reveal the source

It's so underneath you

It's underneath you

It's time to set up the gallows

Set it up

Knock it down

I want to see it burn down

Ashes

The shallowest crown

For us all

I suffocate

Just burn me alive

I need to feel it

Just burn me alive

Show me what you've got

I need to witness everything

I need to see it for myself

Just burn me alive

Let's see who dies, let's see who burns

I feed the heart to everyone

I understand the living son

I see myself in fields of glass

Drown

d ou b t

We all hate this place said Aaron to no one in particular. He shrugged the pain off the shirt on his shoulders, looking past the cars parked in the crosswalk, not knowing what they planned for him.

CONTAINMENT

We connected slowly
Covered satin flight
Confused in nectar
Consume the war, path of destruction
I can see inside and can't get out
Twenty people before me and none got out
And I'm wasted, lonely
The world is big and burning
And it weighs down on me
Pointing with an index finger
And I've tried to stay

Hidden.
They've found me
It's said it's surprising the blood loss
Didn't kill me.

Taraneh is a fuse box, the man screamed as he was shoved into the back of a large black car. Aaron felt as though this exact occurrence had happened many times before to many other people as the man was shackled via handcuffs, banging his head on the glass, which seemed bulletproof.

Fuse box, aaron pondered. It sifted through his brain as he walked in circles around the same city block, over and over.

fuse box…

…fuse box.

F u s e b o x e s

INTERROGATION

NO FAITH NO SAINT

NO GOD HERE SIR

NO FAITH NO GOD

NO GOD HERE SIR

Strapped to a chair

There's something in tune

There's so many people around me

Hidden behind this two-way mirror

What do you want to ask me now

What the fuck haven't you already asked me

I don't know why I'm still here

Into the unknown

What kind of mental lead

There's so much pain in one day

Oh god

What are you doing with that damaged tool

Don't put it there

STOP

DESTROY

YOUR

COAT

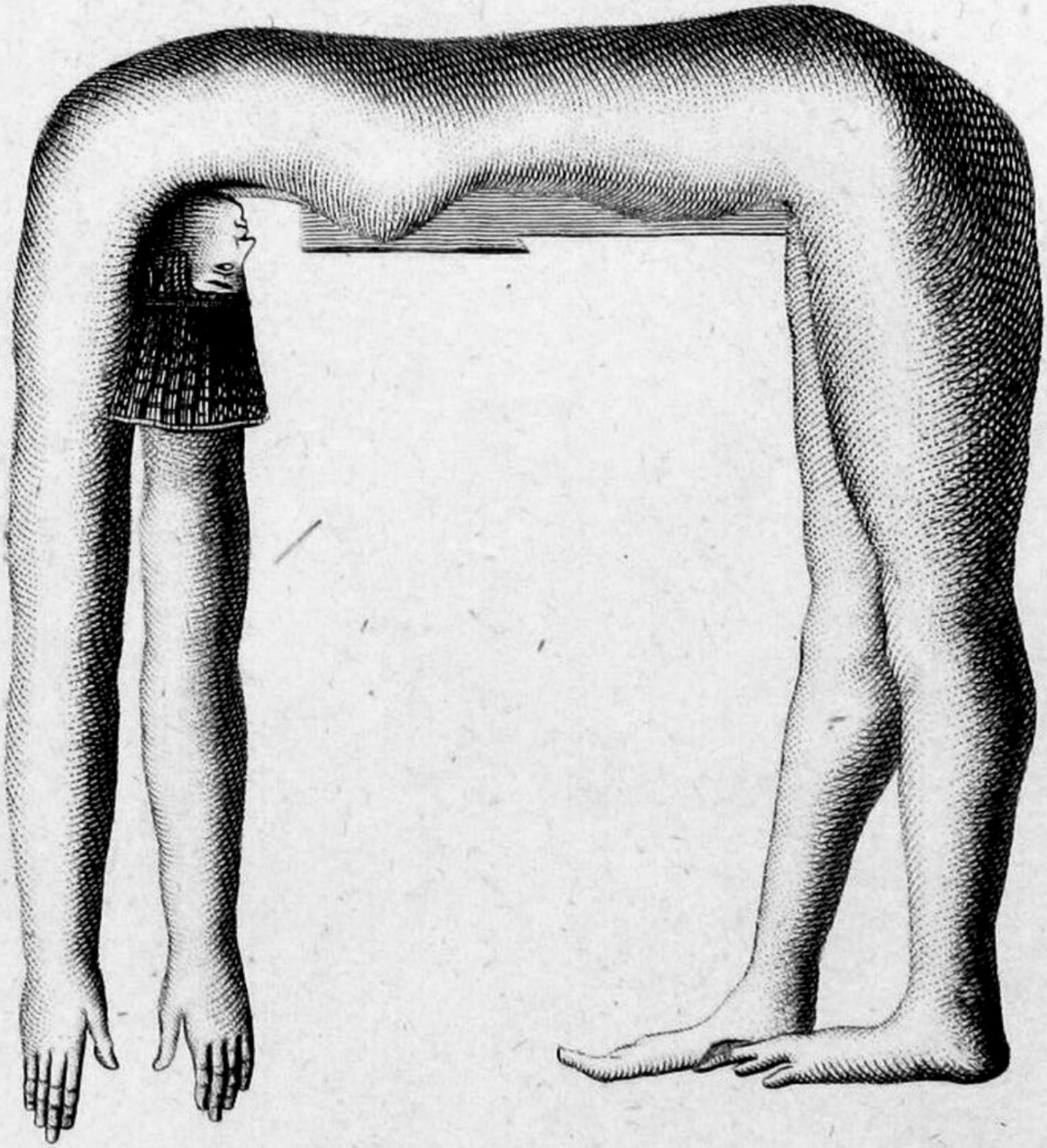
CONTROL

GOD

WAIT

RAIN

A FLOOR THAT SIMPLY DOES NOT STOP EXISTING AS THE CEILING



RADIATION ECHO

CENTRUM SPIRAE

Years of straining

Years of sitting in this room

I have to come to you to genocide the world

To burn the earth, all organic

To yield the sudden death

Seeing the surveilance

Putting it in pictures

To bow my head to you

Trusting sommnabulist

For this purpose to end all

To crush the self, the sight of hell

Marker of the seasons

Ultimate revelation of time itself collapsing underneath

What you showed me

What am I trying to find

I enter through the door

Death

Spirals in my eyes

Your soul is all mine

I know every moment, every sliver of your time

Your existence bares outwards

This is your home forever

I've come and taken everything you've ever had

Welcome home, Aaron.

up and down

are not opposites

they are merely guides

for direction/travel

i must go beyond

the axes of dimension

i will find the way

transcend human nature

PENTALPHIC GLORIOLE

Rain

To see the chains

I've killed

Raise the sky

Explode from the problems you've confessed

One day you'll see the possible end

Sleep forever, sane rampage

Through the rubble, see your family

Ready? Let the spirit out

Success of none, trailing

Morning, contract

Derail what's coming soon

Please let us up

Raise the sky

I have a family

As do I, above

Sleep, brother

Forever turning inwards

with this in mind

you can hopefully see

what i have in mind

for direction/travel

To Aaron

Aaron, if you see this somehow, you don't have to contact me at all. You don't need to respond. I honestly don't know what to say, man. Ever since you went missing, shit went all crazy. I went to your house and talked with your parents only once out of respect for their privacy and gave them my number. I just hope one day I get the call that you're back. Maybe I'll get a call that they finally found your body. Maybe I'll get a call that they have you in a mental institution. I want a call. I need an answer. I can't handle not knowing what the fuck ever happened to you man. I wrote this whole album for you. Genuinely. This hurts to type but I need to get this out of my system. I'm so scared for you but at the same time I'm so fucking angry with you. You never said anything to anyone. You just went missing and everyone was just supposed to go along with what you wanted. You never thought to tell me or your parents or your brother or anyone. It fucking hurts them just as much if not more than me. I have no idea what I could have changed to keep you from going missing. I don't know if I could have been able to do anything at all. I doubt it. It's not like you wanted me to do anything. Last time we ever talked you screamed at me because I didn't believe you were being gangstalked. What the fuck ever man. I tried to help you and you fucking shunned me. I can't think about that for too long without getting incredibly sad.

This is all I have left of you to remember, and I will try to remember the great times I had with you for the rest of my life. I'll remember the conversations we had about Emil Cioran and David Cronenberg. I'll remember when I showed you my music and I didn't get embarrassed. I'll remember what you truly were, despite the mental illness, the paranoia, the anger, the calls at 4 AM on multiple days in a row.

Thank you for being my friend, Aaron. Love you man. I hope you're okay.

-Ian